The Soldier..... Who Laughed.

Charles B. Lewis, in Denver News: One day there came to us of the Third regiment, down at "the front," a recruit who entered camp with a grin on his face and a chuckle in his throat, and five minutes after he had been turned over to us by the guard he put his hands to his side and began laughing. He laughed like a man who was tickled to death. His face got red as paint, tears ran from his eyes, and he seemed about to choke when a sergeant gave him a kick to straighten him up and then indignantly demanded:

"What sort of a blamed fool are you, and what are you *laughing at?*"

"It's so funny—it's so funny!" gasped the man.

"What's so funny?"

"Why, my being down here. A week ago I was hoeing corn on the farm—ha! ha! ha!"

The sergeant said he'd be hanged if he could see where the laugh came in, nor could any of the rest of us, but it was half an hour before James Thurston could sober up his face. That was his debut. Within three days he had every man in the company, officers included, down on him for being a laughing man. His face was in repose only when he slept. The rest of the time it wore a broad grin and the most trifling thing brought a laugh. He was too good-natured. He had such a guffaw of a laugh that he disturbed everybody in the company when he started. We called him names, and he laughed. We threatened him, and he laughed the harder. He was kicked and cuffed and he roared: "Ha! ha! ha!" till men came running from the other companies. We demanded that the captain suppress him, and that officer called him in and began:

"Look here, Thurston, what is all this nonsense about?"

"What nonsense?" asked the recruit, with a grin.

"Why, your laughing so much. What do you see to laugh at so much?"

"Why lots of things—ha! ha! ha!" shouted Thurston, as he got hold of his ribs. "It seems so queer not to be milking the cows and feeding the hogs, and—and—ha! ha! ha!"

"And you laugh about that, do you?"

"Yes—I can't help it—ha! ha! ha!"

"Do you know that you come mighty near being a fool!" exclaimed the provoked captain, as the guffaw died away into a gurgle.

"I don't see why," answered Thurston, trying his best to look serious for a minute. "When I think of hoeing corn, painting the barn, washing sheep and whitewashing the cellar, and then look around me here and see a lot of soldiers and tents and mules, why, I—I—ha! ha! ha!"

"If you don't stop that I'll send you to the guard house!"

"I'd stop, captain, if I only could, but I can't do it!"

And the recruit laughed and gasped and gurgled until he fell down, and the captain sent for a corporal and had him taken to the guard-house. He was probably the only soldier in either army who was punished for laughter. It sobered him up for only a few minutes. Then it struck him as awfully funny that he should be in the guard-house down at the front instead of chopping out weeds in a cornfield in Connecticut, and he laughed until the indignant captain ordered a gag placed in his mouth. He didn't laugh any more for five or six hours, but his guards insisted that his face wore a grin all the time—as much of a grin as could be worked up under the circumstances.

After a few days, in which James Thurston did not cease to laugh, the division commander asked for scouts, and the new recruit was detailed to report as one of them. The sole and simple idea was to either get rid of him or sober him up. He had a broad grin on his face when he entered the general's tent, and the general hadn't spoken ten words to him when he had one of his "fits."

"What do you mean by such conduct?" demanded the high and mighty officer, in his sternest tones.

"It's all so funny!" gasped Thurston. "Only a few days ago I was helping dad to put new shingles on the corn-crib, and to-day I'm way down here, talking with you—ha! ha! ha!"

The general happened to have a finer appreciation of humor than our captain, or else he reasoned that a laughing scout could get the information he wanted better than a sober-minded one. At any rate it was reported that he finally grinned in unison with Thurston, and sent him off through the lines to discover what the enemy were doing and report. As a scout Thurston wore the blue, and was armed only with a revolver. The idea of his accomplishing anything was considered preposterous, but he not only made his mark, but did it with that laugh of his. While he was scouting close to the enemy's lines he encountered a Confederate colonel and his orderly, who were bound for a certain farm house. In fact, Thurston stepped out of the roadside bushes almost in front of the horse.

His uniform gave him away, and he was at once held up by the colonel. It struck Thurston as very funny that he should be greasing the farm wagon in Connecticut in May, and scouting down in Virginia in June, and he began to laugh. He laughed until he cried—until the colonel said to his orderly:

"This poor fellow has been wounded in the head and is crazy. You had best take him into camp and be gentle with him."

But as the colonel put up his revolver and the orderly got down from his saddle, Thurston sobered up long enough to cover them with his own weapon and demanded their surrender. The orderly fired at him without effect, dropped his revolver and got away on foot, but the laughing scout disarmed the colonel brought him into our lines, together with the two horses. When he reported to the general with his prisoner he laughed until he was threatened with dire consequences. In a day or so he was sent out again and brought in valuable information, but on his third expedition he was captured. His laugh gave him away and brought it about. He was creeping through the woods to get information of a Confederate force when he happened to think of how a cow had once kicked him, or some other tom-fool thing connected with his rustic life, and he began to laugh. The sounds reached the ears of a Confederate picket and the scout soon found himself a prisoner. He did not cease to laugh on that account, and when he was turned over at the reserve picket one of the men reported:

"Say, captain, we're either captured a damn fool or a crazy man, and shuck my hide if I kin say which it is!"

Thurston preserved his gravity of countenance long enough to give his name, regiment and so forth, but as the officer questioned him further he broke out with:

"Well, this is all so funny! It doesn't seem but two or three days since I was making a new trough for the hog pen up in Connecticut, and here I am a prisoner to Jeff Davis down in Virginia—ha! ha! ha!"

After wondering for an hour or two whether the scout was a natural fool or a crazy man, it was decided that he was out of his mind. A surgeon overhauled him, but could find no traces of a wound, and he was held prisoner to see what would develop. All the development that occurred was more laughter. He laughed just as heartily for the Confederates as he had for the Federals, and it did not take them much longer to get tired of it. Opinions were divided as to what ailed him, but he assured them that he was all right and never in better health, and was simply tickled at the situation in which he found himself.

While the rules of war cannot make a spy of a soldier in his own uniform, even if he penetrates the enemy's camp, the rules of war did not always count in such a case. Thurston was forwarded to corps headquarters after a few days, and it was General Longstreet himself who took him in hand and led off with:

"Now, then, my man, I have a little time to devote to your case. Either answer my questions frankly and honestly or you will be buried inside of an hour! Who sent you out scouting?"

"General Davis," was the reply.

"Have you been sick or wounded?"

"No, sir."

"They tell me that you are continually laughing. You appear to be in good health, and you look and act like a intelligent man. What sort of a game are you trying to play?"

"No game, general. You see, it's all so funny—so very funny—ha! ha! ha!"

And Thurston exploded, and any man who saw his red face, the tears in his eyes and the workings of his jaws must have been satisfied that it was genuine laughter.

"What's so very funny?" queried the general, after the "fit" had passed away.

"Why—why, being down here and a prisoner," answered the scout. "Just four weeks ago to-night I was chasing a spotted hog around our barnyard up in Connecticut. I want to be serious, general, but when I think of these things I—I—ha! ha! ha!"

"I believe you are a spy, and I shall order you to be hung!" said the general.

"If you hang me I can't help it. I'll try not to laugh when they are doing it, but if I happen to think of anything funny I know I shall—ha! ha! ha!"

General Longstreet gave him up. Here was a man whose laughter had brought about his own capture. He would laugh at the most trifling things—he would laugh in the face of death. He must have wheels in his head, or else he was a Yankee spy playing a deep game. If he hadn't been a laughing man he would have been shot or hung with little time to make his peace with God. Giving him the benefit of the doubt he was sent on to Richmond and confined at Belle Isle. None of the ragged, half-starved prisoners within that stockade could find anything to laugh at, but Thurston did. He began to laugh the moment he entered the gate, and kept it up until a deputation of his fellow prisoners said to the commandant:

"This man is dead-crazy, and we don't want him among us. We have tried every way to make him stop laughing, but that guffaw of his can be heard from morning till night. It sets us on edge, and you either take him out, or we'll kill him."

Thurston was removed to Castle Thunder as a sort of non-combatant. He laughed over his going, and he laughed as he entered his gloomy prison. It amused the prisoners for a couple of days, but after that the novelty wore off, and they began to complain. The commander sent for the scout, looked him over, and said:

"If I hear any more complaints about you I'll put you in solitary confinement! What the devil do you mean by such conduct?"

"Is it against your rules to laugh?" asked Thurston, whose face was already twitching.

"It is against the rules to kick up a disturbance, sir!"

"I did not mean to disturb anybody. It's all so funny, you know—ha! ha! ha!"

"Stop that, or I'll put you on bread and water for a month!"

"I'll stop, of course. I don't mean to laugh, but when I think that only two or three months ago I was putting new hinges on the smoke-house door at home, and now I'm in Castle Thunder, way down here, why—ha—I—I—ha! ha! ha!"

Under the idea that Thurston had lost his mind he was put among the first for exchange. He laughed at the idea, and he laughed on his way into our lines, and we heard him laughing even before we caught sight of him. The seventy men in company "B" drew up a protest to the captain, and the captain went to the colonel, and one day Thurston's discharge papers arrived. They read for "general disability," but as a matter of fact he was turned out of the army for laughing. He knew it as well as anybody else, and he seized upon it as a pretext for his last and longest guffaw.

"It's so funny," he said, as he was ready to go. "Only yesterday I was a soldier in this army, and to-day I'm on my way back to Connecticut to milk the cows and feed the hogs—ha! ha! ha!"

And he roared and gasped and gurgled, and we heard that ha! ha! ha! until he had put a full mile between us.

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

"Now, I'm going to read you a pretty story, dear; all about the Garden of Eden!" "Oh, mummy, please, not that one. I'm so tired of that story of the Adamses!"

"Mr. Millsaps," said little Tommy Tucker to the guest, "I don't see why mamma said I mustn't say anything about your neck. You hain't got any neck!"—Chicago Tribune.

Little four-year-old Bobbie had been sent to a neighbor's on an errand and the lady asked him if he would not like a piece of angel cake. "No, thanks," replied Bobbie; "me don't want to be an angel."

"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten." "K-i-t-t-e-n," said the embryo lexicographer. "No, no!" exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got two t's." "Well, ours has," replied the observing youth.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's greatest affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."—Chicago Record.

A little fellow of five, fearing that Santa Claus would forget him, wrote the following letter: "Pleez fech me a lagen and sum carrs and a picter book and sum candy and a pony and sum uther anamiles. P. S. If the poney is a mule pleez ti his behind leggs."

The little five-year-old son of a politician was looking out of the window one morning when a procession of Sunday school children marched past on their way to attend a picnic. On being told who they were he exclaimed: "Oh, I bet God is elected an' they're going to jollify."

"Mamma," asked a bright little fellow, "how old will I be my next birthday?" "Six years old, dear, if you live," was the reply. "Well, suppose I don't live," continued the youngster, "will I keep right on having birthdays just like George Washington?"

Little Mabel, aged five, who was visiting her aunt in the country, had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drank as much as her aunt thought good for her, she was told that she could not have any more. "I don't see what you want to be so stingy with your old milk for," she exclaimed. "There's two whole cowfuls out in the barn."

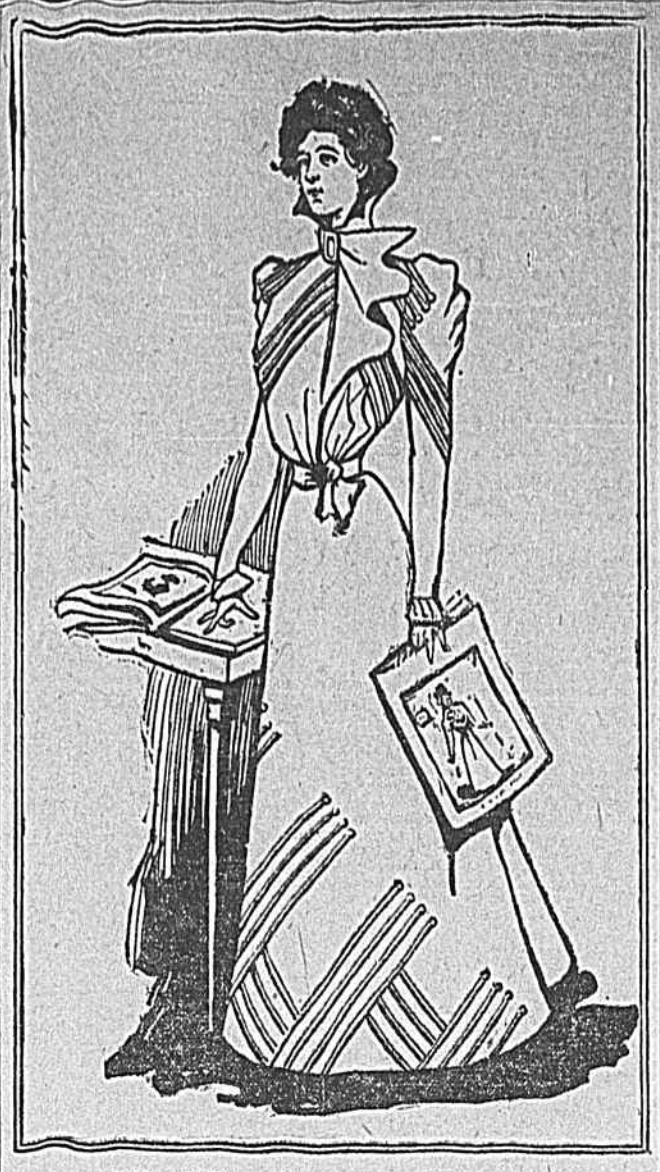
A Friendly Tip.

Hold-Up-Man—Hands up!

Pedestrian—Haven't anything but a watch.

Hold-Up Man—All right; I'll take that.

Pedestrian—I'd advise you to take it to a jeweler the first thing in the morning and have it regulated, as it gains about half an hour daily.—Exchange.



PARIS AFTERNOON COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

An effective gown particularly suitable for house wear, but equally appropriate for the street, made in a different coloring, has some rather original points as to trimming and combination of coloring. The gown illustrated is of a pale sage green cloth of a satin finish, and of light enough weight to drape gracefully. The skirt fits closely over the hips and in front, and all the fulness at the back is put into as small a space as possible. While the skirt is narrower than those worn last season, there is enough flare about the foot to give a particularly smart appearance. The cut of the skirt, together with that of the waist and sleeves, is given in the cut tissue-paper pattern issued by Harper's Bazar, where it appears. The skirt is trimmed with bands of braid, black and dead gold, and where the ends are fastened there are small Roman gold buttons. The gold and the black look especially well against the pale green. The waist is a simple style, and the most noticeable thing about it is the braiding which matches that on the skirt. The color and frill are faced with darker green velvet, which shows just enough to give another tone of coloring. This style of waist can be altered, so that it can be worn either by a stout or a slender woman, by having the fulness differently arranged.

PESTIFEROUS PETE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Yes, boys, Christmas allus 'minds me of Gande Jim," said Pestiferous Pete, as he took a long pull at the black bottle, "yer see," he continued, "Gander Jim was the terror of this ere Devil's Gulch,

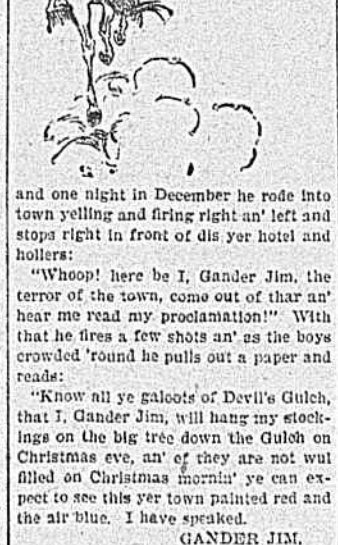
and one night in December he rode into town yelling and firing right an' left and stops right in front of dis yer hotel and hollers:

"Whoop! here be I, Gander Jim, the terror of the town, come out of thar an' hear me read my proclamation!" With that he fires a few shots an' as the boys crowded 'round he pulls out a paper and reads:

"Know all ye galoots of Devil's Gulch, that I, Gander Jim, will hang my stockings on the big tree down the Gulch on Christmas eve, an' ef they are not wul filled on Christmas mornin' ye can expect to see this yer town painted red and the air blue. I have speaked.

GANDER JIM,
The Terror."

After he'd finished readin' it he stuck it up on a tree, and with 'nother yell and a few more shots, he rode away. Now, Jim generally had his own way in these parts, but when we heard that he wus wanted fur horse stealing, we reckoned that Jim's stockin's would not hang on the big tree this year. Long about Christmas eve, Jim shot the constable who was tryin' to 'rest him, and the boys started out to hunt him, takin' a rope with 'em. They caught him 'bout two miles down the Gulch and after a hard tussle, tied him hand an' foot. But Jim kept



his word; Christmas mornin'. I passed the big tree and thar, sure enough, hangin' on a limb was Jim's stockin's, filled to the top."

"Filled with what?" asked one of the listeners.

"Jim."

PROUD OF HIS ENGLISH.

The Austrian Gentleman Helps Entertain an American Tourist.

What to Eat: An American physician was invited to dine at the house of a prominent journalist in Budapest. He was introduced to an Austrian, who, the host whispered proudly, spoke English fluently.

"I saw that Mr. Fehevary was not at his ease, for his English and reputation were at stake," says the doctor.

"Our Magyar friends immediately wished us to speak English to each other, and a circle was formed around us, as if we were two prize fighters, ready for the fray. I said:

"'How do you do, Mr. Fehevary?'

"'Most vell,' he answered, bravely.

"'Where did you study English?'

"'In myself,' he said, with great effort."

The young woman the doctor took out to dinner had come in from the country especially to meet him. She was much disappointed to find the gentleman from America was white. She plied him with all manner of questions. Dinner began with chicken soup, "and," continues the narrator, "of course my neighbor asked 'Did we eat soup in America?'

Next came roast goose that melted upon the lips like butter; green peas were the wheels of its chariot.

"'Did we have geese?' my neighbor asked.

"'Plenty of them,' I said.

"'Were they as good as those in Hungary?'

"I wanted to say much better, because the kind I meant asked no questions; but I controlled myself, and said, instead, that they couldn't compare with Hungarian geese. Spring chicken, fried in olive oil—the chicken better than the goose—was the third course.

"'Did we have chickens?' queried my interlocutor, 'and what did we do with them?'

"'That depended upon their age,' I said. "Dessert, which has no namesake this side of the Atlantic, followed. Fruit and wine, the ladies also partaking of the latter, closed the dinner, but not the mouth of my inquisitive neighbor.

"'Did the girls dress differently from the boys? Did we have bathrooms?'

"'Yes; and we take a bath once in awhile.'

"'How large a city was America?'

"'Considerable larger than Budapest.'

"At this point, our hostess, rising, afforded me a blessed release from the witness stand. The gentlemen were going to the coffee-house to read the papers, and the ladies would follow in an hour, I was told. Mr. Fehevary kept at a safe distance from me all the time. I saw him handling a pocket dictionary, and knew he was getting loaded with something, for he looked very studious, and his lips were moving incessantly. At last he seemed to have it, for a look of triumph came over his face.

"We were ready to go. The servants all stood in a row, waiting for a fee. Mr. Fehevary couldn't go to the coffee-house—he was too busy—but he followed me to the door, and, in hearing of all the Estetys, the whole newspaper staff, and the servants—male and female—he said, triumphantly, as he shook my hand:

"'I been enthused to make your gonnections.'"

HE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Man with the Cantankerous Wife Learned There Were Others.

Two men were walking along G. street at a quiet time of the day, and a man was walking only a short distance in front of them. Presently, in line with their talk, one of the men remarked:

"Well, she is one of the cantankerousest females I ever knew."

The man in front whirled around suddenly.

"What do you mean by talking about my wife, sir?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

"What in the deuce do you mean by

DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF EATING APPLES.

1—The first apple.

jumping at me like that?" snorted the startled man in the rear, going back on his pastern joints.

"What did you say, sir?"

"I merely said that a lady of my acquaintance was the most cantakerous female I ever met."

"Well, sir, what do you mean by saying that?"

"I don't know that it is any of your business. I don't know you, and I fail to see what you have got to do with what I say."

"But you were speaking of my wife!"

"I was doing nothing of the kind. I don't know your wife, any more than I know you."

The man seemed to have been struck by a ray of revelation. He stopped, stepped back, rubbed his head, bowed, and smiled a wan smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a sweet, submissive gentleness. "I thought there was only one like her in all the world. You have my sympathy. Good morning." And with never a word as to who he was or whence he came he hurried away and was lost among the passers on the streets.—Washington Star.

Everything But Food.

"Well, dear me, Tottie Twinkletoes!"

"Why, bless my soul, if it ain't Flossie Footlites!"

"How are you, anyway? Still in the Twiddledum Tweedledee' chorus?"

"Yp. In front row. Cora Calcium had a row with her feller, who plays in the orchestra, an' wouldn't look that way, so they put her back."

"She always was proud. Actually

2—The tenth apple.

ers are all right, in the summer they are quite the thing, but in the fall the up-to-date girls insist upon having nothing but lovers or husbands. This is the fashionable matrimonial season."

"I—I had not thought of that," she faltered.

"Nevertheless it is true," he persisted.

"Look around you; read the papers. It is not a matter of personal preference; it is merely a question of what is fashionable and in good form. Is there a single swell girl of your acquaintance who talks about brothers at this time?"

"Perhaps you are right," she said, doubtfully.

"Of course I am right," he answered, feeling that he was making progress. "And let me tell you another thing, Miss Jones—Ethel. Let me demonstrate how dear you are to me. My personal preference would be for a marriage next spring, but in a matter of fashion I

PROFESSOR SLOWDEATH HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS ADVERTISING MATTER.

1—Professor Slowdeath—Ah, these beautiful advertisements are now ready for mailing.

2—You see, by placing them in these pasteboard tubes, they cannot possibly mash.

3—But the professor forgot it was sleety weather—

4—and to pick them up again, he found—

5—a difficult job.

6—After this d—— if I don't advertise only in the newspapers.

wanted the boys to have an introduction before they spoke to her. Wouldn't that kill you?"

"Thank heaven, we ain't that way! Oh, yes, I wasn't a thing but out last night!"

"Good time?"

"Rather! My, but they were spenders! Coupe with us all the time—three dozen American Beauties and three more when those withered—and wine till you couldn't rest!"

"Gee! but they must have blown you off so you thought yourself in a cyclone!"

"Sure thing! They've got to do it when they waltz with me. Say, lend me a dime, will you?"

"What's the matter?"

"Ain't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning!"—New York Journal.

HOW HE WON HER.

She was an Up-to-Date Girl and Required Modern Methods.

He had been on his knees for fully fifteen minutes, but she was still obdurate.

He had passionately pleaded his love for her, but it was evident that the plea had made no impression.

He had reproached her for having encouraged him merely to gratify her own vanity and love of admiration, but she had only laughed at him.

"I cannot marry you," she had said. "I am sorry that you should have taken this little flirtation seriously, and I will be a sister to you, but I cannot be your wife."

"At this season of the year," he replied, bitterly, "brothers are not fashionable."

His words roused her attention instantly.

"In the spring," he went on, "brothers are all right, in the summer they are quite the thing, but in the fall the up-to-date girls insist upon having nothing but lovers or husbands. This is the fashionable matrimonial season."

"I—I had not thought of that," she faltered.

"Nevertheless it is true," he persisted.

"Look around you; read the papers. It is not a matter of personal preference; it is merely a question of what is fashionable and in good form. Is there a single swell girl of your acquaintance who talks about brothers at this time?"

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"Enough!" broke in the haughty beauty. "It never shall be said that she was a more up-to-date girl than I. It never shall be said that she married at a more fashionable time of the year or was a more beautiful bride. I will name the day as soon as I find out more definitely what her plans are."—Chicago Evening Post.

Was It the Pug?

"Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Dolyers?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Spudds."

"Does your mamma?"

"No."

"Do your brothers?"

"I think not."

"Then I don't see any harm in coming."

"But there is one member of the family whom you neglected to ask about, and who does object to your coming most heartily."

"I thought I had named them all, but now I think of it, I did not ask about your pug."

"Oh, Fido doesn't mind you."

"Then who is it who objects to my coming to see you?"

"It is only I, Mr. Spudds."—Pearson's Weekly.

Freed by the Force of Habit.

Buffalo Inquirer: The police justice had formerly been a bartender. He had gone into politics and had been elected by a big majority. This was his first case. Mary McMannis was up before him for drunkenness. The justice looked at her for a minute and then said, sternly: "Well, what are you here for?"

"If you please, yer honor," said Mary, "the copper beyant pulled me in, sayin' I was drunk. An' I don't think, yer honor; I don't drink."

"All right," said the justice, his former bar-tender habit getting the best of him; "all right; have a cigar."

Hasn't Recanted.

Gladys—Maud has always posed as a man hater, yet now she goes off and marries one.

Estelle—When you see the dear boy you will discover at once that she has not gone back on her principles.—Philadelphia North American.

Those Girls.

The Perfect Lady—Dear me! I have been so busy making calls all day that I am nearly prostrated!

The Other Perfect Lady—Calling "cash!" I presume.—Indianapolis Journal.

A DIALOGUE.

The Tailor's Boy—How's business?
The Butcher's Boy—Oh, middlin'. How it is with you?
The Tailor's Boy—Oh, sew-sew.

3—The fortieth apple.